CREATURES ON THE LOOSE
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CREATURES ON THE LOOSE™
FEATURING
MAN-WOLF
A MOONBEAST ON THE PROWL AGAIN!
PÉREZ/ROMITA/MATTEDI&RO
NIGHTFLIGHT TO FEAR!

John Jameson: astronaut, career soldier, and the son of newspaper mogul, J. Jonah Jameson. John Jameson: *cursed.* For when the rays of the moon touch the pendant that has grafted itself to his throat, John Jameson becomes a beast—

STAN LEE PRESENTS: **MAN-WOLF!** ™

DAVE (THE DUDE) KRAFT • GEORGE (PACE-SETTER) PEREZ
SCRIPTER PENCILLER

FRANK McLAUGHLIN, INKER

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PHIL RACHE, COLORIST

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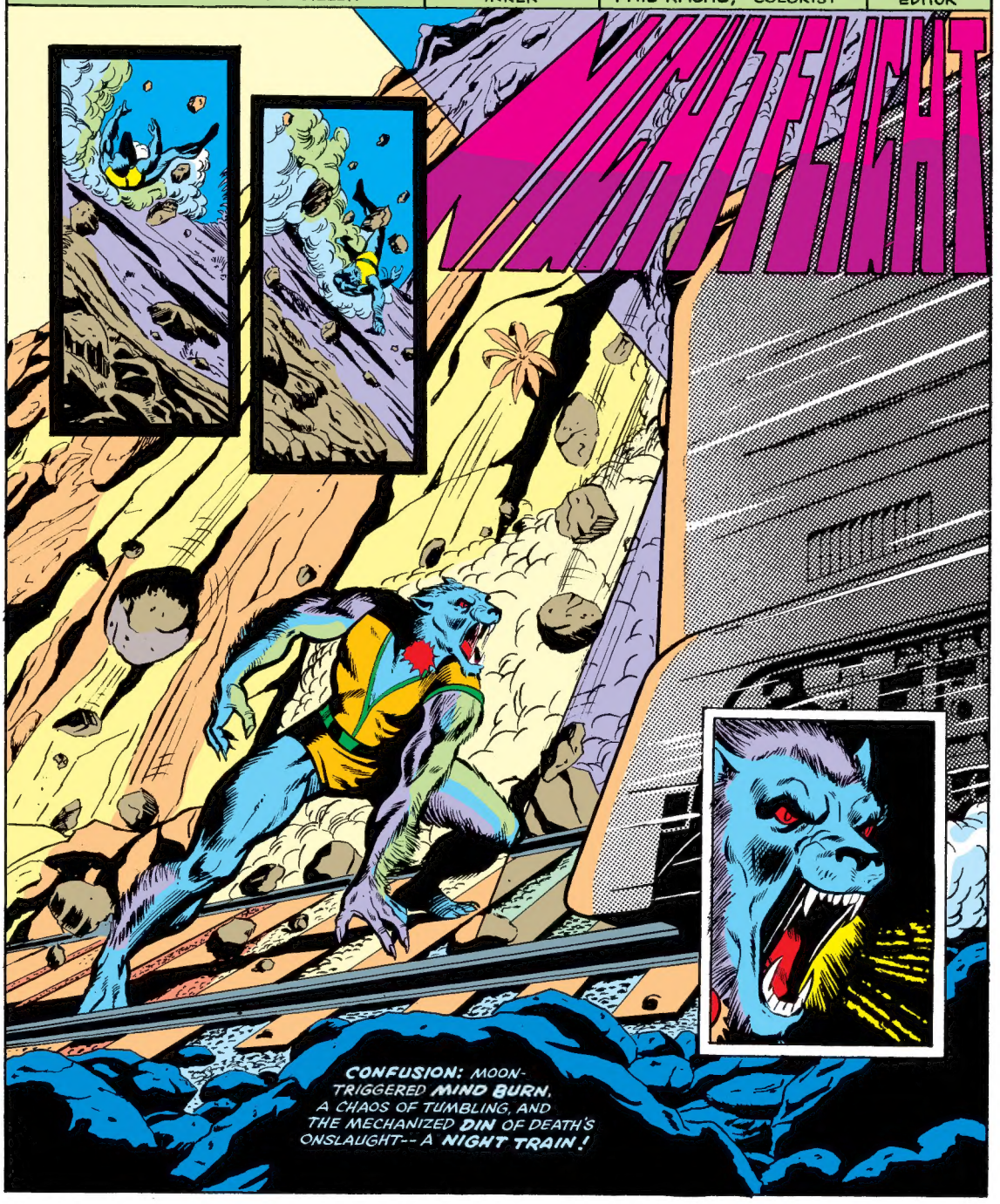
TWILIGHT
CONFUSION: MOON-TRIGGERED MIND BURN, A CHAOS OF TUMBLING, AND THE MECHANIZED DIN OF DEATH'S ONSLAUGHT-- A NIGHT TRAIN!

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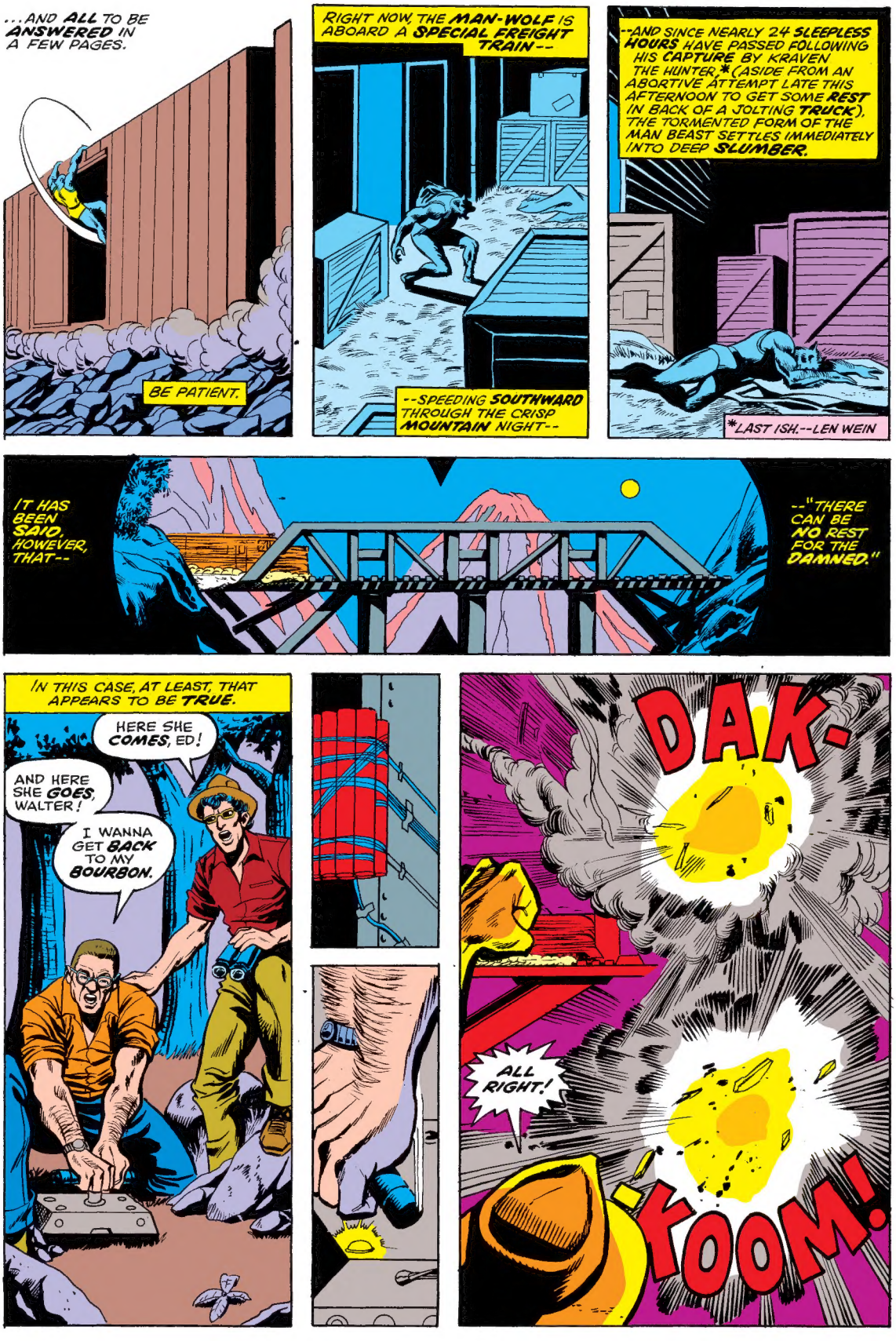
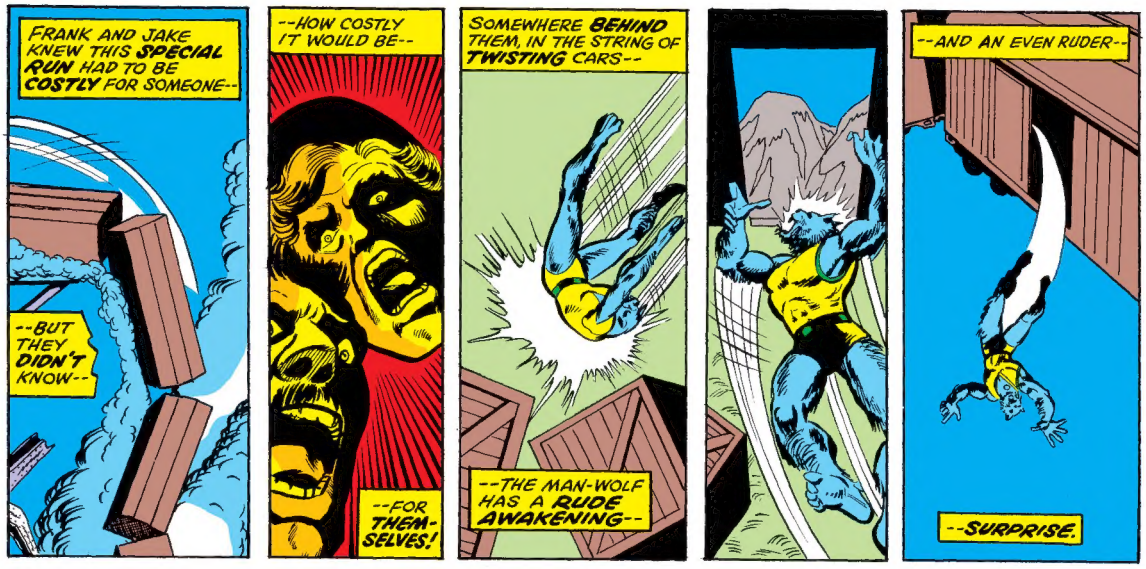
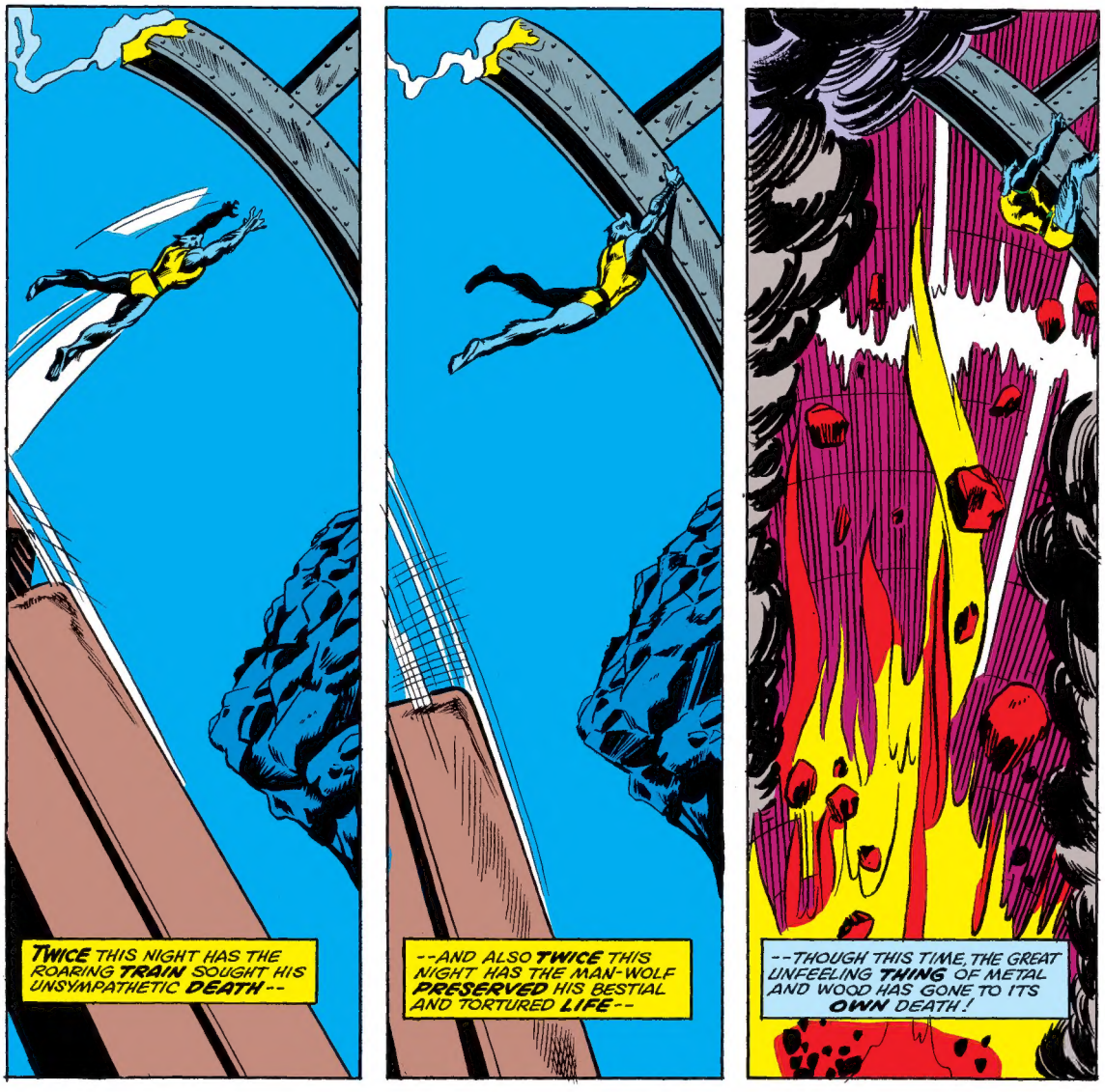
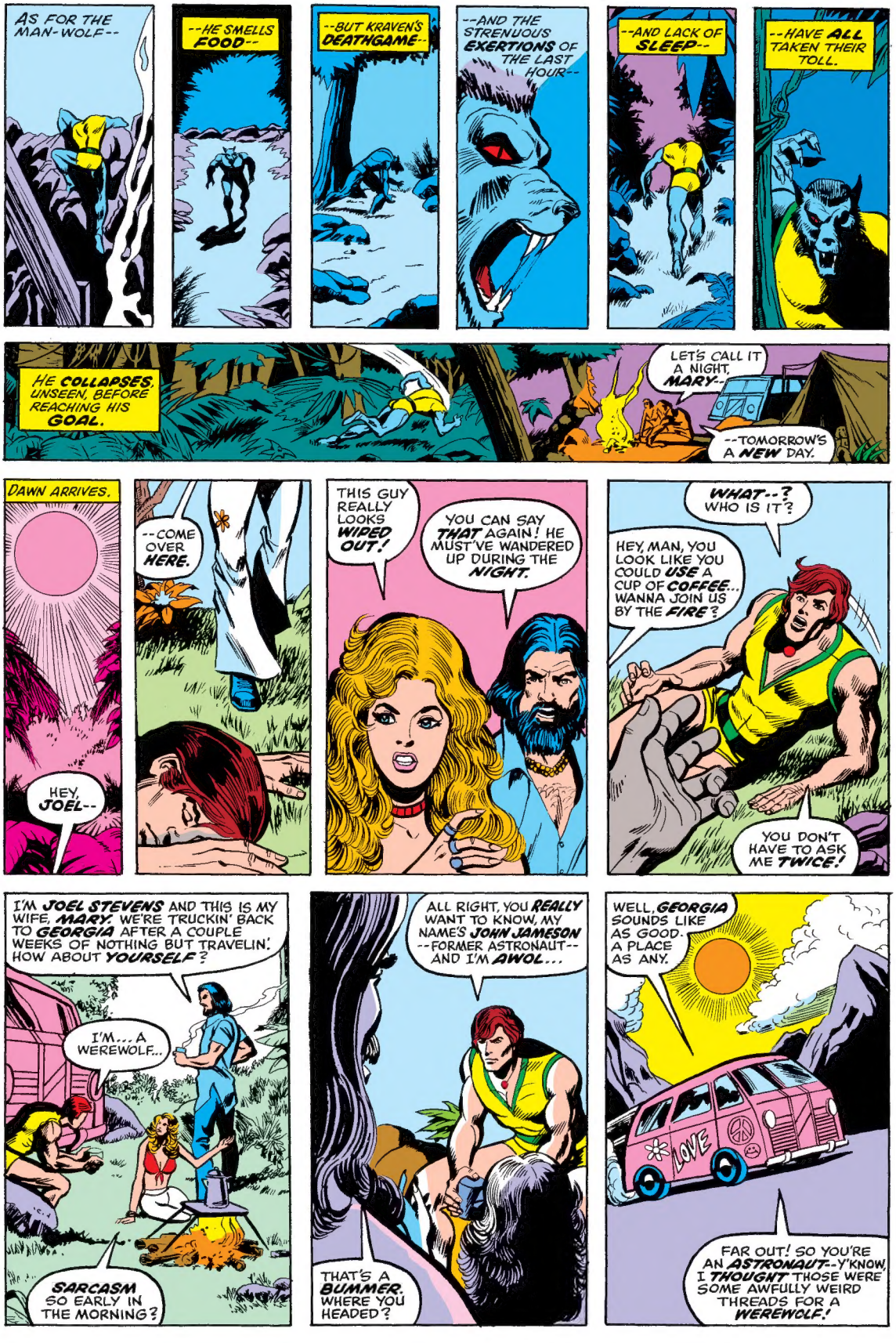
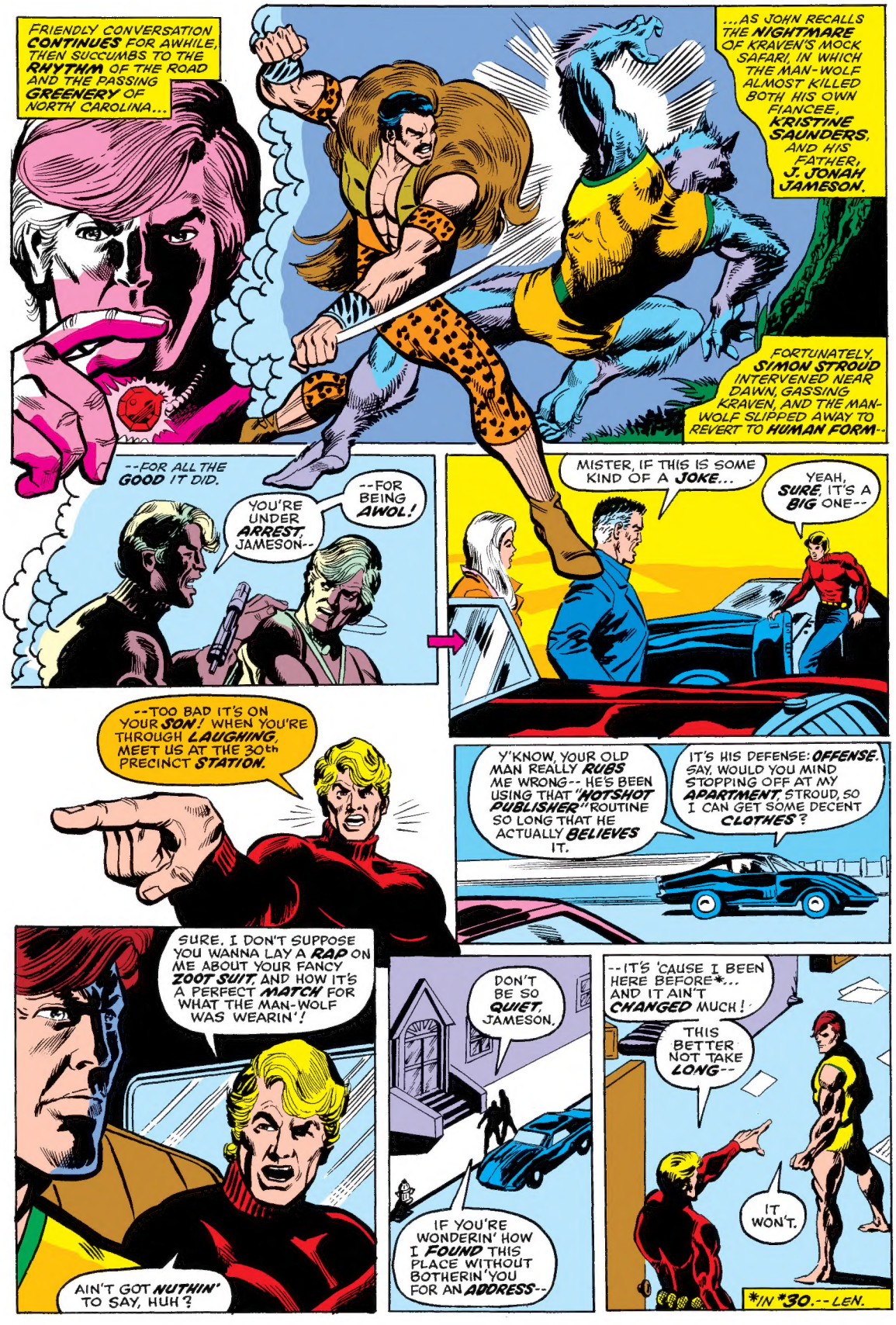
ONLY INSTINCTIVE ACTION SAVES A WOLFISH LIFE!
C'MON, JAKE-- YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDIN'...
WOULD I LIE TO YOU, FRANK?
FOR A QUICK BUCK-- YEAH!
SOME FRIEND YOU ARE! ALL I NEED IS $50-- AND I'LL PAY YOU BACK TUESDAY... I PROMISE!
IZZAT SO?
WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER $200 YOU OWE ME?
NOT TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT, FRANK-- BUT NO WAY IN HELL DID I SEE WHAT I JUST SAW BACK THERE!
I'LL DRINK TO THAT!
AS FOR YOU READERS, YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING HOW JOHN JAMESON CAN BE HERE AS THE MAN-WOLF, WHEN HE WAS ARRESTED BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES--JUST LAST ISSUE--FOR BEING AWOL.
QUESTIONS, QUESTIONS...FLOODING INTO THE MINDS OF CONCERNED MARVELITES EVERYWHERE...

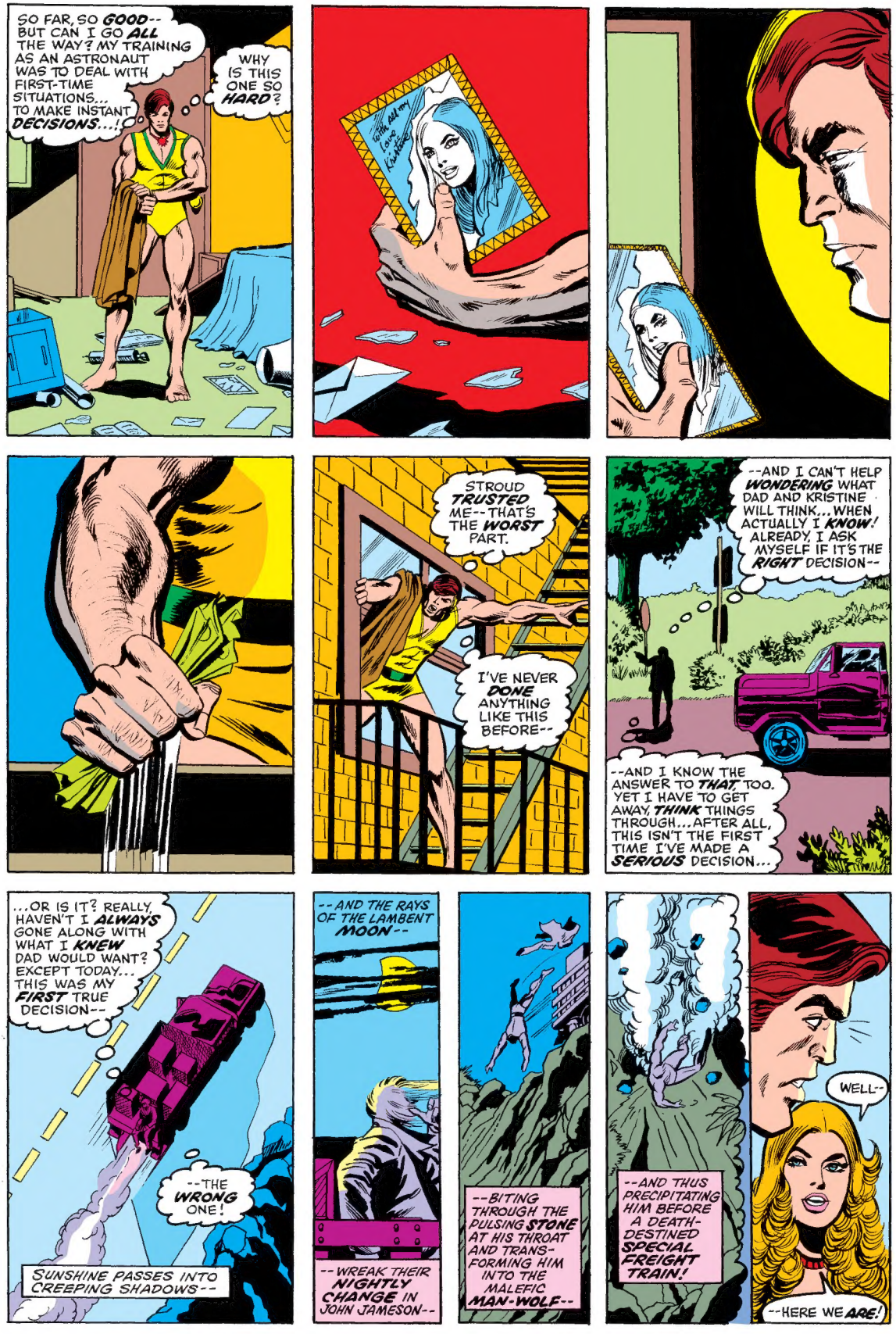

...AND ALL TO BE ANSWERED IN A FEW PAGES.
BE PATIENT.
RIGHT NOW, THE MAN-WOLF IS ABOARD A SPECIAL FREIGHT TRAIN--
--SPEEDING SOUTHWARD THROUGH THE CRISP MOUNTAIN NIGHT--
--AND SINCE NEARLY 24 SLEEPLESS HOURS HAVE PASSED FOLLOWING HIS CAPTURE BY KRAVEN THE HUNTER,* (ASIDE FROM AN ABORTIVE ATTEMPT LATE THIS AFTERNOON TO GET SOME REST IN BACK OF A JOLTING TRUCK), THE TORMENTED FORM OF THE MAN BEAST SETTLES IMMEDIATELY INTO DEEP SLUMBER.
*LAST ISH.--LEN WEIN
IT HAS BEEN SAID, HOWEVER, THAT--
--"THERE CAN BE NO REST FOR THE DAMNED."
IN THIS CASE, AT LEAST, THAT APPEARS TO BE TRUE.
HERE SHE COMES, ED!
AND HERE SHE GOES, WALTER!
I WANNA GET BACK TO MY BOURBON.
DAK-
ALL RIGHT!
-KOOM!

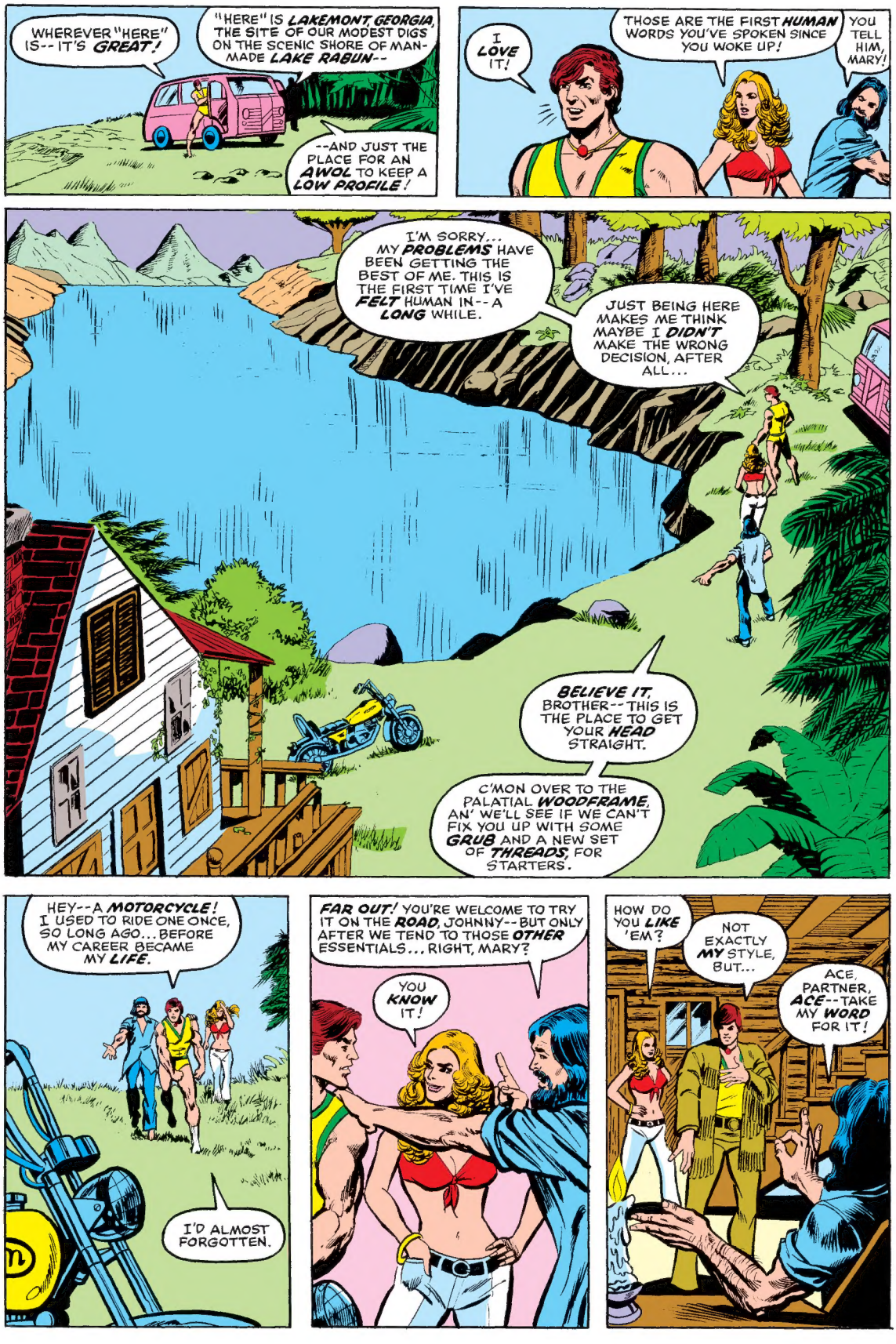

FRANK AND JAKE KNEW THIS SPECIAL RUN HAD TO BE COSTLY FOR SOMEONE--
--BUT THEY DIDN'T KNOW--
--HOW COSTLY IT WOULD BE--
--FOR THEM-SELVES!
SOMEWHERE BEHIND THEM, IN THE STRING OF TWISTING CARS--
--THE MAN-WOLF HAS A RUDE AWAKENING--
--AND AN EVEN RUDER--
--SURPRISE.

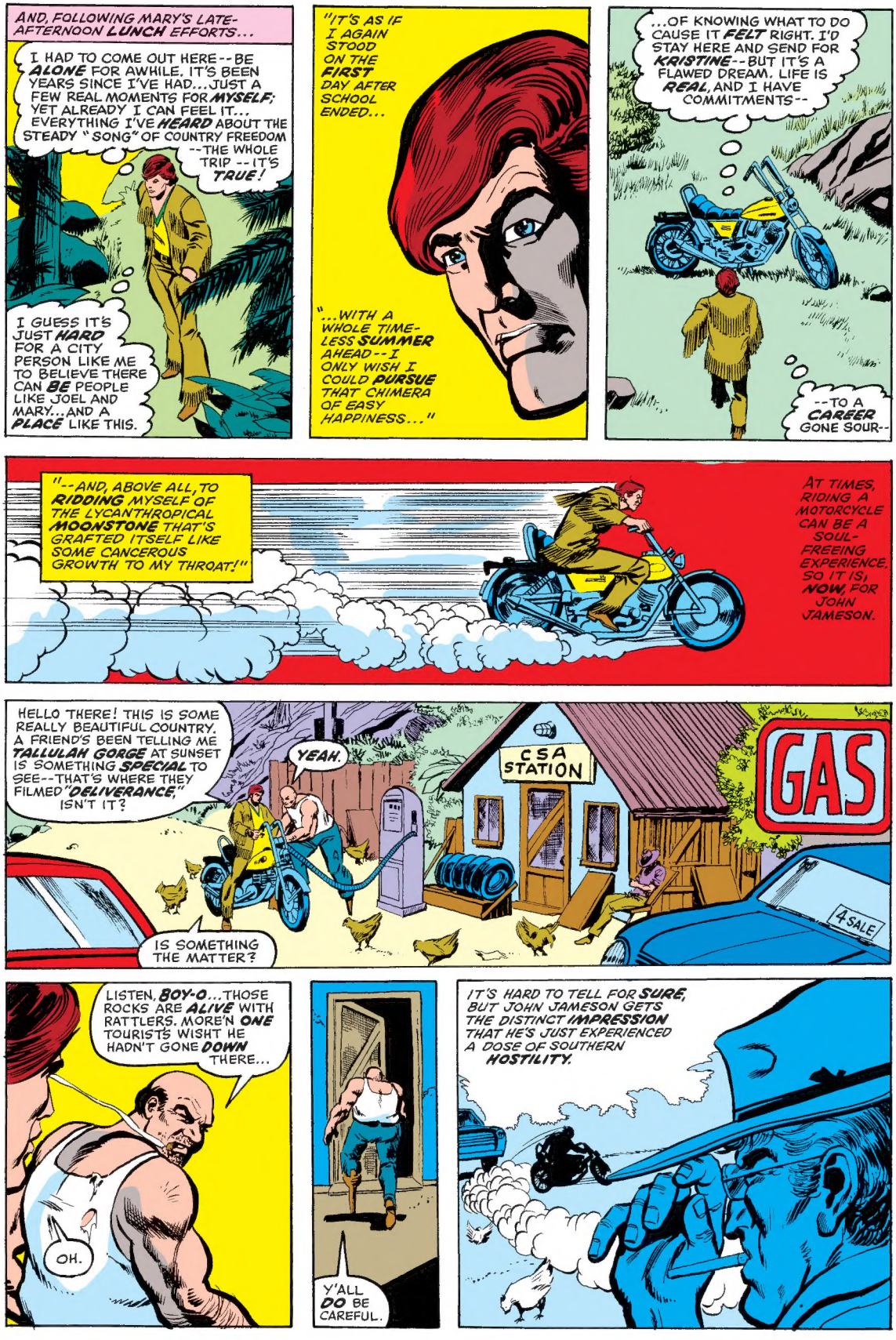

TWICE THIS NIGHT HAS THE ROARING TRAIN SOUGHT HIS UNSYMPATHETIC DEATH--
--AND ALSO TWICE THIS NIGHT HAS THE MAN-WOLF PRESERVED HIS BESTIAL AND TORTURED LIFE--
--THOUGH THIS TIME, THE GREAT UNFEELING THING OF METAL AND WOOD HAS GONE TO ITS OWN DEATH!


AS FOR THE MAN-WOLF--
--HE SMELLS FOOD--
--BUT KRAVEN'S DEATHGAME--
--AND THE STRENUOUS EXERTIONS OF THE LAST HOUR--
--AND LACK OF SLEEP--
--HAVE ALL TAKEN THEIR TOLL.
HE COLLAPSES, UNSEEN, BEFORE REACHING HIS GOAL.
LET'S CALL IT A NIGHT, MARY--
--TOMORROW'S A NEW DAY.
DAWN ARRIVES.
HEY, JOEL--
--COME OVER HERE.
THIS GUY REALLY LOOKS WIPED OUT!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN! HE MUST'VE WANDERED UP DURING THE NIGHT.
WHAT--? WHO IS IT?
HEY, MAN, YOU LOOK LIKE YOU COULD USE A CUP OF COFFEE... WANNA JOIN US BY THE FIRE?
YOU DON'T HAVE TO ASK ME TWICE!
I'M JOEL STEVENS AND THIS IS MY WIFE, MARY. WE'RE TRUCKIN' BACK TO GEORGIA AFTER A COUPLE WEEKS OF NOTHING BUT TRAVELIN'. HOW ABOUT YOURSELF?
I'M... A WEREWOLF...
SARCASM SO EARLY IN THE MORNING?
ALL RIGHT, YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW, MY NAME'S JOHN JAMESON --FORMER ASTRONAUT-- AND I'M AWOL...
THAT'S A BUMMER. WHERE YOU HEADED?
WELL, GEORGIA SOUNDS LIKE AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY.
LOVE
FAR OUT! SO YOU'RE AN ASTRONAUT--Y'KNOW, I THOUGHT THOSE WERE SOME AWFULLY WEIRD THREADS FOR A WEREWOLF!


FRIENDLY CONVERSATION CONTINUES FOR AWHILE, THEN SUCCUMBS TO THE RHYTHM OF THE ROAD AND THE PASSING GREENERY OF NORTH CAROLINA...
...AS JOHN RECALLS THE NIGHTMARE OF KRAVEN'S MOCK SAFARI, IN WHICH THE MAN-WOLF ALMOST KILLED BOTH HIS OWN FIANCEE, KRISTINE SAUNDERS, AND HIS FATHER, J. JONAH JAMESON.
FORTUNATELY, SIMON STROUD INTERVENED NEAR DAWN, GASSING KRAVEN, AND THE MAN-WOLF SLIPPED AWAY TO REVERT TO HUMAN FORM--
--FOR ALL THE GOOD IT DID.
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, JAMESON--
--FOR BEING AWOL!
MISTER, IF THIS IS SOME KIND OF A JOKE...
YEAH, SURE, IT'S A BIG ONE--
--TOO BAD IT'S ON YOUR SON! WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH LAUGHING, MEET US AT THE 30th PRECINCT STATION.
Y'KNOW, YOUR OLD MAN REALLY RUBS ME WRONG-- HE'S BEEN USING THAT "HOTSHOT PUBLISHER" ROUTINE SO LONG THAT HE ACTUALLY BELIEVES IT.
IT'S HIS DEFENSE: OFFENSE. SAY, WOULD YOU MIND STOPPING OFF AT MY APARTMENT, STROUD, SO I CAN GET SOME DECENT CLOTHES?
SURE, I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU WANNA LAY A RAP ON ME ABOUT YOUR FANCY ZOOT SUIT, AND HOW IT'S A PERFECT MATCH FOR WHAT THE MAN-WOLF WAS WEARIN'!
AIN'T GOT NUTHIN' TO SAY, HUH?
DON'T BE SO QUIET, JAMESON.
IF YOU'RE WONDERIN' HOW I FOUND THIS PLACE WITHOUT BOTHERIN' YOU FOR AN ADDRESS--
--IT'S 'CAUSE I BEEN HERE BEFORE*... AND IT AIN'T CHANGED MUCH!
THIS BETTER NOT TAKE LONG--
IT WON'T.
*IN *30.--LEN.

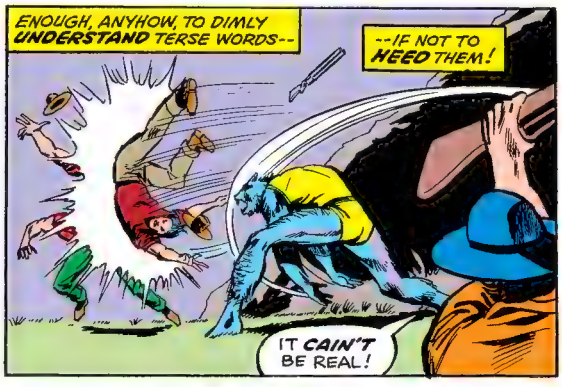

SO FAR, SO GOOD--BUT CAN I GO ALL THE WAY? MY TRAINING AS AN ASTRONAUT WAS TO DEAL WITH FIRST-TIME SITUATIONS... TO MAKE INSTANT DECISIONS...!
WHY IS THIS ONE SO HARD?
All my love Kristine
STROUD TRUSTED ME--THAT'S THE WORST PART.
I'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE--
--AND I CAN'T HELP WONDERING WHAT DAD AND KRISTINE WILL THINK... WHEN ACTUALLY I KNOW! ALREADY, I ASK MYSELF IF IT'S THE RIGHT DECISION--
--AND I KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT, TOO. YET I HAVE TO GET AWAY, THINK THINGS THROUGH... AFTER ALL, THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME I'VE MADE A SERIOUS DECISION...
...OR IS IT? REALLY, HAVEN'T I ALWAYS GONE ALONG WITH WHAT I KNEW DAD WOULD WANT? EXCEPT TODAY... THIS WAS MY FIRST TRUE DECISION--
--THE WRONG ONE!
SUNSHINE PASSES INTO CREEPING SHADOWS--
--AND THE RAYS OF THE LAMBENT MOON--
--WREAK THEIR NIGHTLY CHANGE IN JOHN JAMESON--
--BITING THROUGH THE PULSING STONE AT HIS THROAT AND TRANS-FORMING HIM INTO THE MALEFIC MAN-WOLF--
--AND THUS PRECIPITATING HIM BEFORE A DEATH-DESTINED SPECIAL FREIGHT TRAIN!
WELL--
--HERE WE ARE!

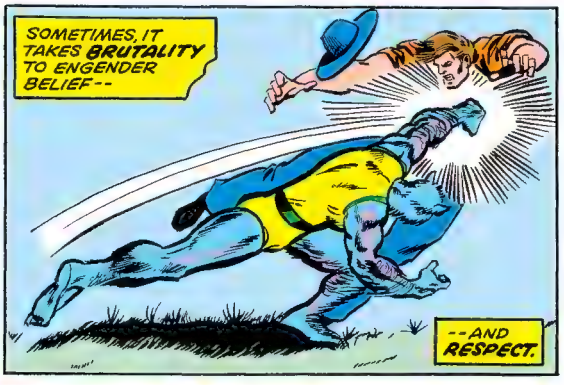

WHEREVER "HERE" IS--IT'S GREAT!
"HERE" IS LAKEMONT, GEORGIA, THE SITE OF OUR MODEST DIGS ON THE SCENIC SHORE OF MAN-MADE LAKE RABUN--
--AND JUST THE PLACE FOR AN AWOL TO KEEP A LOW PROFILE!
I LOVE IT!
THOSE ARE THE FIRST HUMAN WORDS YOU'VE SPOKEN SINCE YOU WOKE UP!
YOU TELL HIM, MARY!
I'M SORRY... MY PROBLEMS HAVE BEEN GETTING THE BEST OF ME. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE FELT HUMAN IN--A LONG WHILE.
JUST BEING HERE MAKES ME THINK MAYBE I DIDN'T MAKE THE WRONG DECISION, AFTER ALL...
BELIEVE IT, BROTHER--THIS IS THE PLACE TO GET YOUR HEAD STRAIGHT.
C'MON OVER TO THE PALATIAL WOODFRAME, AN' WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN'T FIX YOU UP WITH SOME GRUB AND A NEW SET OF THREADS, FOR STARTERS.
HEY--A MOTORCYCLE! I USED TO RIDE ONE ONCE, SO LONG AGO... BEFORE MY CAREER BECAME MY LIFE.
I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN.
FAR OUT! YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY IT ON THE ROAD, JOHNNY--BUT ONLY AFTER WE TEND TO THOSE OTHER ESSENTIALS... RIGHT, MARY?
YOU KNOW IT!
HOW DO YOU LIKE 'EM?
NOT EXACTLY MY STYLE, BUT...
ACE, PARTNER, ACE--TAKE MY WORD FOR IT!


AND, FOLLOWING MARY'S LATE-AFTERNOON LUNCH EFFORTS...
I HAD TO COME OUT HERE--BE ALONE FOR AWHILE. IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE I'VE HAD...JUST A FEW REAL MOMENTS FOR MYSELF; YET ALREADY I CAN FEEL IT... EVERYTHING I'VE HEARD ABOUT THE STEADY "SONG" OF COUNTRY FREEDOM --THE WHOLE TRIP --IT'S TRUE!
I GUESS IT'S JUST HARD FOR A CITY PERSON LIKE ME TO BELIEVE THERE CAN BE PEOPLE LIKE JOEL AND MARY...AND A PLACE LIKE THIS.
"IT'S AS IF I AGAIN STOOD ON THE FIRST DAY AFTER SCHOOL ENDED...
"...WITH A WHOLE TIME-LESS SUMMER AHEAD--I ONLY WISH I COULD PURSUE THAT CHIMERA OF EASY HAPPINESS..."
...OF KNOWING WHAT TO DO CAUSE IT FELT RIGHT. I'D STAY HERE AND SEND FOR KRISTINE--BUT IT'S A FLAWED DREAM. LIFE IS REAL, AND I HAVE COMMITMENTS--
--TO A CAREER GONE SOUR--
"--AND, ABOVE ALL, TO RIDDING MYSELF OF THE LYCANTHROPICAL MOONSTONE THAT'S GRAFTED ITSELF LIKE SOME CANCEROUS GROWTH TO MY THROAT!"
AT TIMES, RIDING A MOTORCYCLE CAN BE A SOUL-FREEING EXPERIENCE. SO IT IS, NOW, FOR JOHN JAMESON.
HELLO THERE! THIS IS SOME REALLY BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY. A FRIEND'S BEEN TELLING ME TALLULAH GORGE AT SUNSET IS SOMETHING SPECIAL TO SEE--THAT'S WHERE THEY FILMED "DELIVERANCE," ISN'T IT?
YEAH.
CSA STATION
GAS
4 SALE
IS SOMETHING THE MATTER?
LISTEN, BOY-O...THOSE ROCKS ARE ALIVE WITH RATTLERS. MORE'N ONE TOURISTS WISHT HE HADN'T GONE DOWN THERE...
OH.
Y'ALL DO BE CAREFUL.
IT'S HARD TO TELL FOR SURE, BUT JOHN JAMESON GETS THE DISTINCT IMPRESSION THAT HE'S JUST EXPERIENCED A DOSE OF SOUTHERN HOSTILITY.

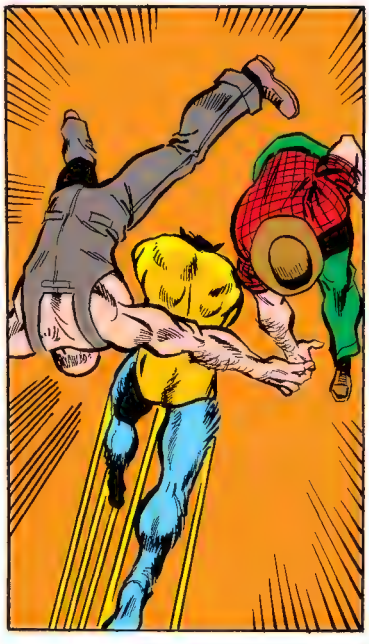
NONETHELESS, SUNDOWN FINDS HIM ON THE RIM OF THE GORGE.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? ANOTHER DAY WASTED... AND STILL I'VE DONE NOTHING TO END MY NIGHTLY CRISIS--TO PREVENT MY BECOMING THE MAN-WOLF YET AGAIN. IS IT SUBCONSCIOUS, OR IS IT DELIBERATE?
MAYBE IT'S NEITHER.
HEY!
SPA-KOW!
BUT NOW IS NOT THE TIME--
--TO PURSUE THAT CRYPTIC THOUGHT; RATHER, IT'S TIME--
--TO BE PURSUED!
KRAK!
THE GAME IS OLD.
YET ITS INTENSITY IS UNDIMINISHED BY AGE--
--OR EVEN BY FOREBODING MOONLIGHT.
GREAT STEALTH AND CAREFUL PATIENCE ARE ESSENTIAL--
--SINCE THERE DOES EXIST THE UNPLEASANT POSSIBILITY--
--THAT THE PREY--
--MAY FORM ITS OWN IDEAS--
--ABOUT THE GAME'S OUTCOME...
...AND THIS IS ONE GAME THAT'S ALWAYS PLAYED...FOR KEEPS!

YET SUCH HIGH STAKES OFTEN ENCOURAGE--
--CHEATING!
OKAY, THAT'S ENOUGH! BACK OFF--EASY!
IT IS TWO NIGHTS NOW SINCE THE FULL MOON, AND STILL MAN HAS BECOME WOLF--
WILLYA LOOKIT THAT THING!
--THOUGH, IN SO DOING, PERHAPS THIS TIME A TRACE OF JOHN JAMESON HAS SURVIVED.


ENOUGH, ANYHOW, TO DIMLY UNDERSTAND TERSE WORDS--
--IF NOT TO HEED THEM!
IT CAIN'T BE REAL!


SOMETIMES, IT TAKES BRUTALITY TO ENGENDER BELIEF--
--AND RESPECT.

THIS IS SUCH A TIME, THE MAN-WOLF GLARES SAVAGELY AT FOOLHARDY ANTAGONISTS WHO HAVE YET TO USE THEIR GUNS, DEFYING THEM--



--BUT BRAZEN AUDACITY OFT MAY SUCCEED WHERE RAW POWER CANNOT--
--AND A RUDELY-WIELDED GUNSTOCK IN SUCH CASES MAY DECIDE THE GAME.

THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM. AS FOR YOU, WALTER... I TOLD YOU TO MAKE SURE THE BIKER DIDN'T CLIMB DOWN HERE--NOT TO START SHOOTING AT HIM!
NOW HE'S SCARED --HIDING--AND HE KNOWS THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON. IF HE GETS AWAY IN THE DARK, WE'RE DUE FOR TROUBLE!

THIS IS YOUR SECOND MISTAKE IN TWO DAYS. I REALLY NEEDED THE STUFF ON THAT TRAIN--
--BUT YOU AND ED FIXED THAT REAL NEAT, TOO!

ANYWAY, YOU'VE WANTED TO GET A LOOK AT THE OPERATION...AND NOW SEEMS LIKE A GOOD TIME. C'MON INSIDE.
THE REST OF YOU--KEEP LOOKIN' FOR THE BIKER!
THIS...BEAST MAN... APPEARS TO HAVE TAMED DOWN--BRING HIM ALONG, STU, BUT KEEP A GUN ON HIM.

WELL, THIS IS *IT*, WALTER... TELL ME, DOES IT *SURPRISE* YOU?

GRANTED, IT'S *NOT* SOME MOVIE-SCENARIO OF IMPENDING *WORLD DESTRUCTION*--

--BUT IT *IS* A STARK, REALISTIC BUSINESS ENDEAVOR...A HIGHLY *ILLEGAL* ONE AND, CONSEQUENTLY, A HIGHLY *PROFITABLE* ONE.

I DON'T THINK YOU'D BELIEVE *HOW* PROFITABLE, EVEN IF I WERE TO *TELL* YOU--WHICH I'M *NOT*--BUT LET ME REASSURE YOU THAT IN THIS VAST *SECRET WORLD* OF TREMENDOUS FINANCE AND ILLICIT OPERATIONS...

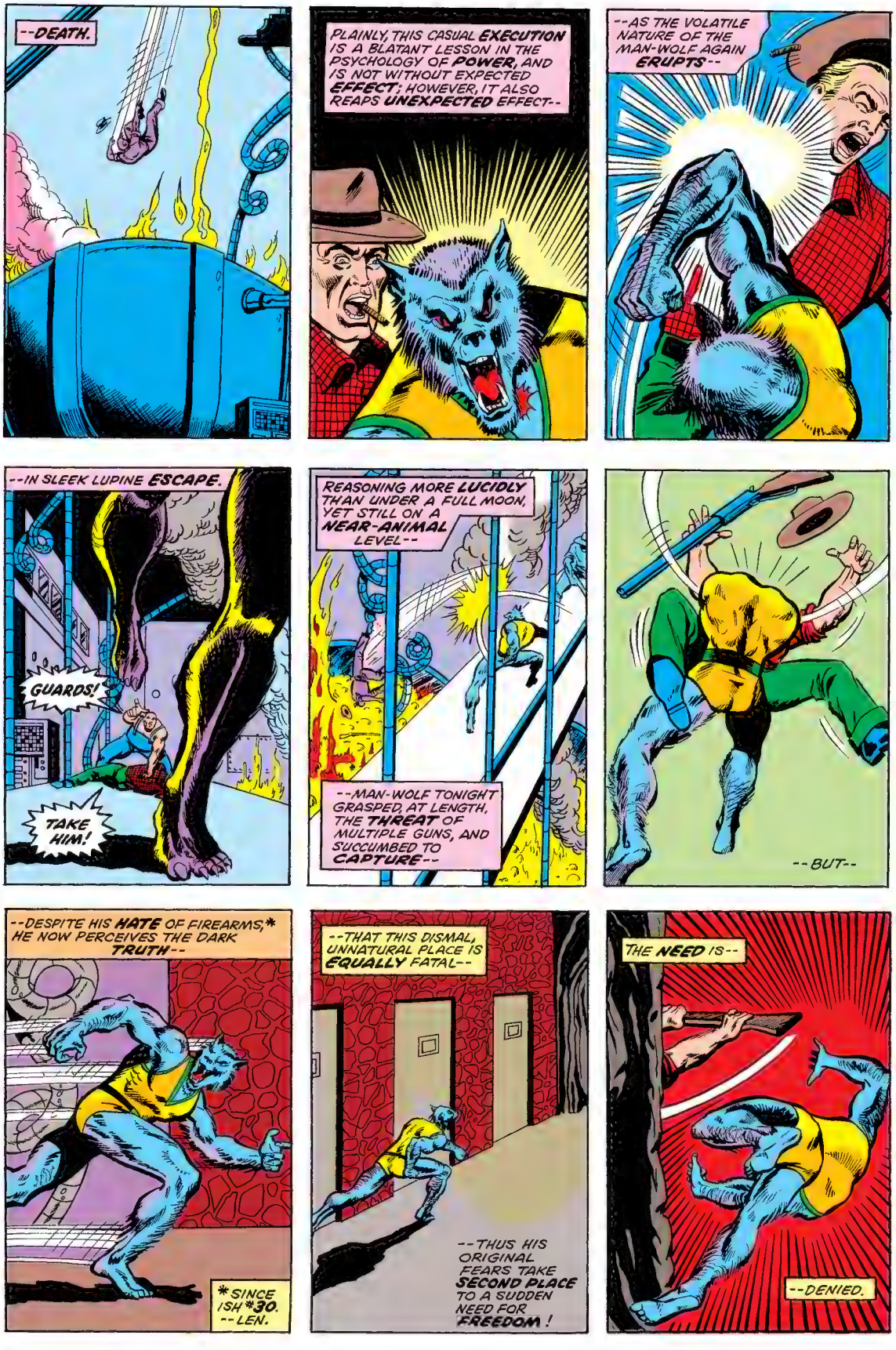
...YOUR *LIFE'S* NOT WORTH...

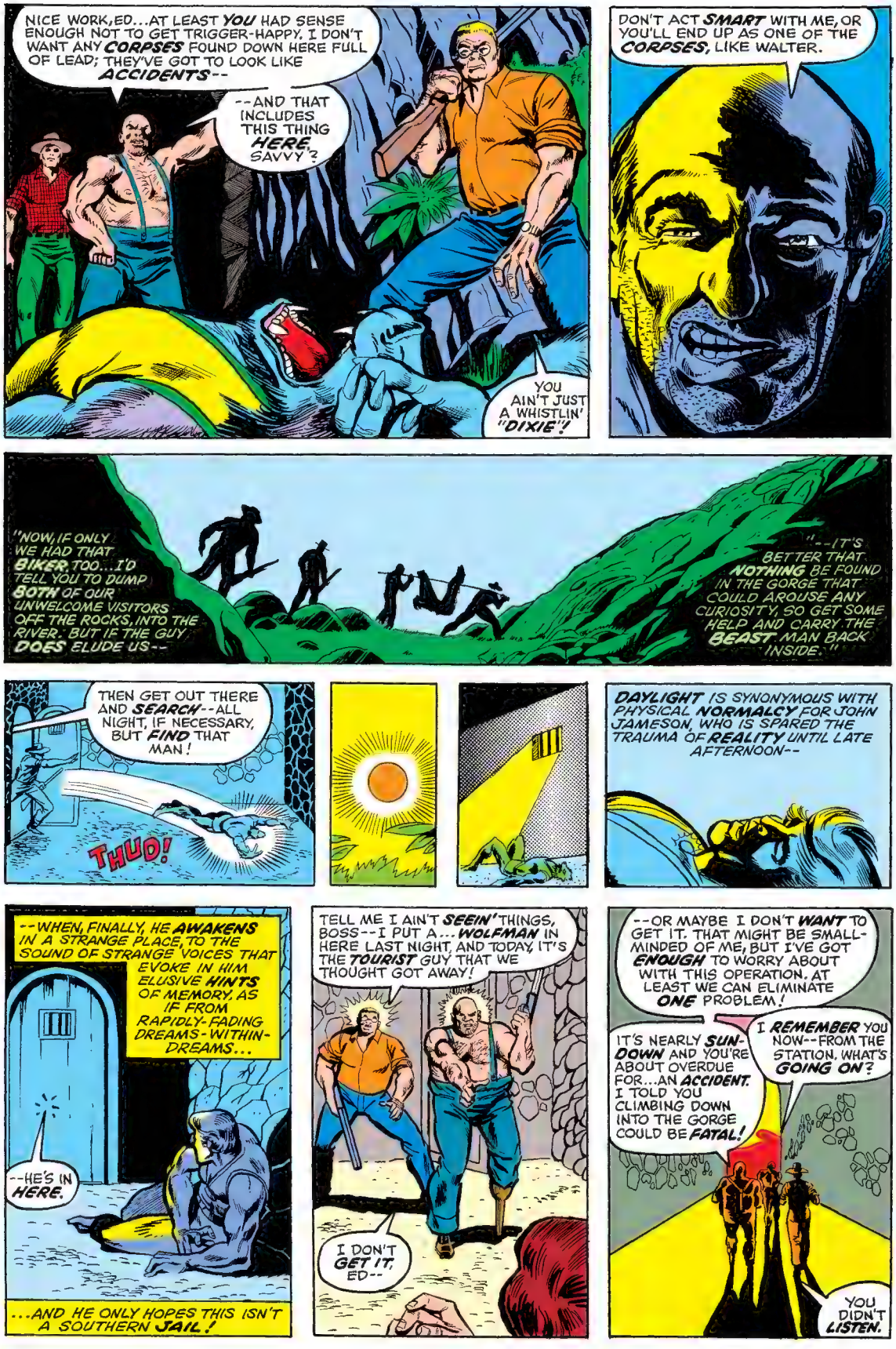
...*THAT.*

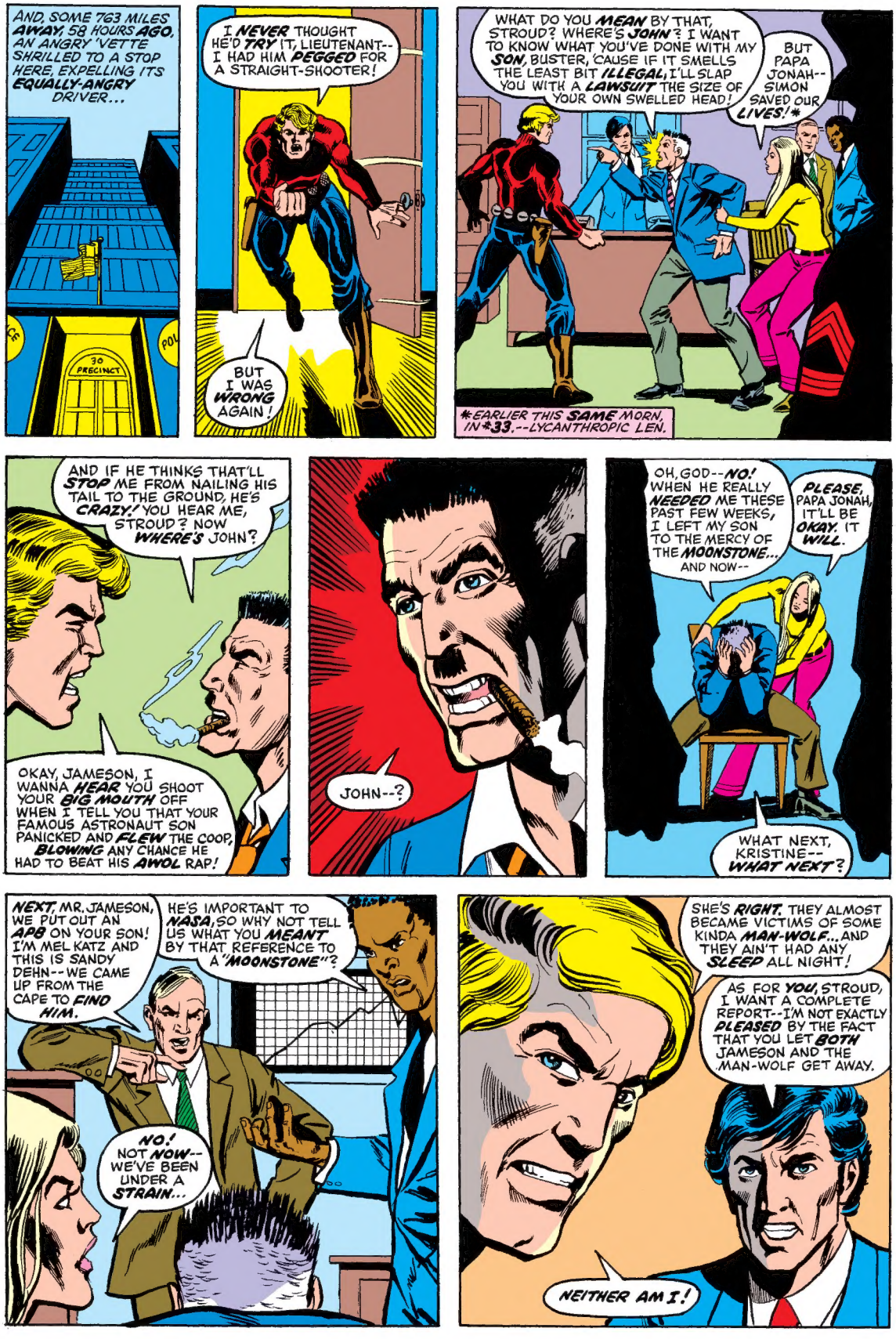
*FROM BELOW COME THE **SOUNDS** AND **SMELLS** OF MULTIFARIOUS ACTIVITIES, DISTORTED AND DILUTED BY THEIR OWN **DIVERSITY** AND TRANSFORMED BY THE ENORMITY OF THE CAVERN INTO A HYBRID SENSORY **ENVIRONMENT**--A PERVASIVE YET INTANGIBLE SURROGATE **REALITY.***

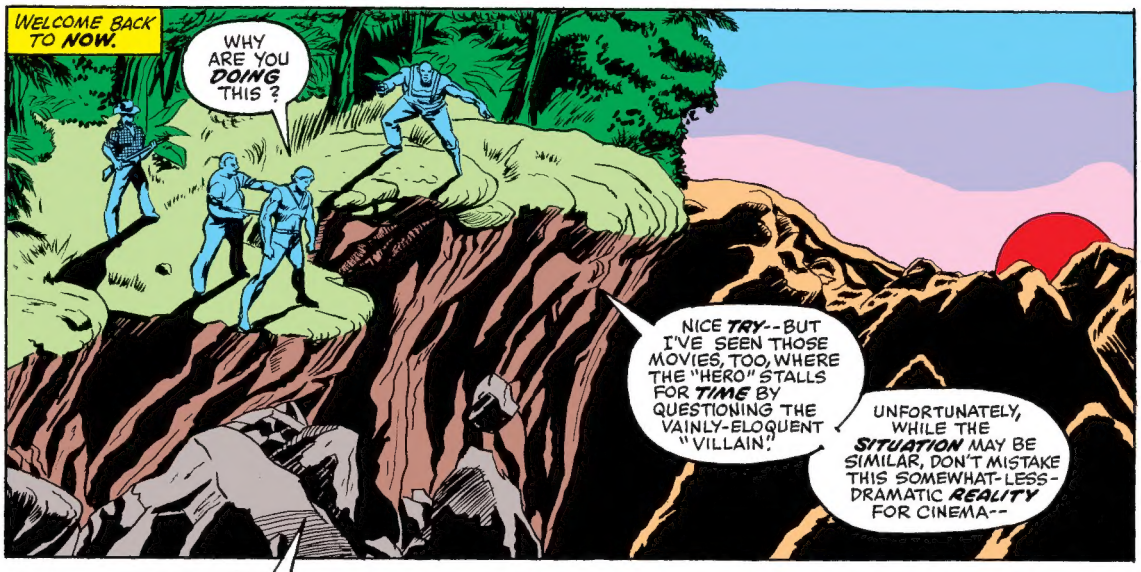
GOD-- *NO!*

*IT'S A SUBJECTIVE **TAPESTRY** WOVEN FROM THE FIBERS OF--*


--DEATH.
PLAINLY, THIS CASUAL EXECUTION IS A BLATANT LESSON IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF POWER, AND IS NOT WITHOUT EXPECTED EFFECT; HOWEVER, IT ALSO REAPS UNEXPECTED EFFECT--
--AS THE VOLATILE NATURE OF THE MAN-WOLF AGAIN ERUPTS--
--IN SLEEK LUPINE ESCAPE.
GUARDS!
TAKE HIM!
REASONING MORE LUCIDLY THAN UNDER A FULL MOON, YET STILL ON A NEAR-ANIMAL LEVEL--
--MAN-WOLF TONIGHT GRASPED, AT LENGTH, THE THREAT OF MULTIPLE GUNS, AND SUCCUMBED TO CAPTURE--
--BUT--
--DESPITE HIS HATE OF FIREARMS,* HE NOW PERCEIVES THE DARK TRUTH--
*SINCE ISH #30. --LEN.
--THAT THIS DISMAL, UNNATURAL PLACE IS EQUALLY FATAL--
--THUS HIS ORIGINAL FEARS TAKE SECOND PLACE TO A SUDDEN NEED FOR FREEDOM!
THE NEED IS--
--DENIED.

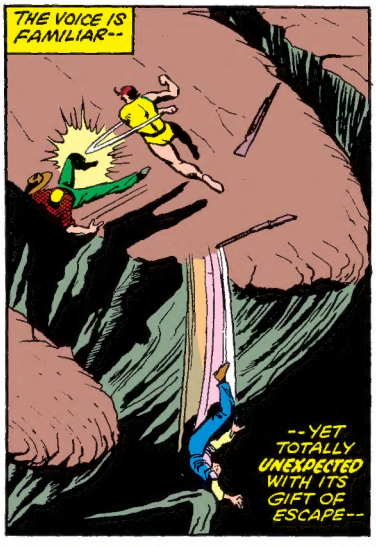

NICE WORK, ED...AT LEAST YOU HAD SENSE ENOUGH NOT TO GET TRIGGER-HAPPY. I DON'T WANT ANY CORPSES FOUND DOWN HERE FULL OF LEAD; THEY'VE GOT TO LOOK LIKE ACCIDENTS--
--AND THAT INCLUDES THIS THING HERE, SAVVY?
YOU AIN'T JUST A WHISTLIN' "DIXIE"!
DON'T ACT SMART WITH ME, OR YOU'LL END UP AS ONE OF THE CORPSES, LIKE WALTER.
"NOW, IF ONLY WE HAD THAT BIKER, TOO...I'D TELL YOU TO DUMP BOTH OF OUR UNWELCOME VISITORS OFF THE ROCKS, INTO THE RIVER. BUT IF THE GUY DOES ELUDE US--
"--IT'S BETTER THAT NOTHING BE FOUND IN THE GORGE THAT COULD AROUSE ANY CURIOSITY, SO GET SOME HELP AND CARRY THE BEAST MAN BACK INSIDE."
THEN GET OUT THERE AND SEARCH--ALL NIGHT, IF NECESSARY, BUT FIND THAT MAN!
THUD!
DAYLIGHT IS SYNONYMOUS WITH PHYSICAL NORMALCY FOR JOHN JAMESON, WHO IS SPARED THE TRAUMA OF REALITY UNTIL LATE AFTERNOON--
--WHEN, FINALLY, HE AWAKENS IN A STRANGE PLACE, TO THE SOUND OF STRANGE VOICES THAT EVOKE IN HIM ELUSIVE HINTS OF MEMORY, AS IF FROM RAPIDLY-FADING DREAMS-WITHIN-DREAMS...
--HE'S IN HERE.
...AND HE ONLY HOPES THIS ISN'T A SOUTHERN JAIL!
TELL ME I AIN'T SEEIN' THINGS, BOSS--I PUT A...WOLFMAN IN HERE LAST NIGHT, AND TODAY, IT'S THE TOURIST GUY THAT WE THOUGHT GOT AWAY!
I DON'T GET IT, ED--
--OR MAYBE I DON'T WANT TO GET IT. THAT MIGHT BE SMALL-MINDED OF ME, BUT I'VE GOT ENOUGH TO WORRY ABOUT WITH THIS OPERATION. AT LEAST WE CAN ELIMINATE ONE PROBLEM!
IT'S NEARLY SUNDOWN AND YOU'RE ABOUT OVERDUE FOR...AN ACCIDENT. I TOLD YOU CLIMBING DOWN INTO THE GORGE COULD BE FATAL!
I REMEMBER YOU NOW--FROM THE STATION. WHAT'S GOING ON?
YOU DIDN'T LISTEN.


AND, SOME 763 MILES AWAY, 58 HOURS AGO, AN ANGRY 'VETTE SHRILLED TO A STOP HERE, EXPELLING ITS EQUALLY-ANGRY DRIVER...
30 PRECINCT
I NEVER THOUGHT HE'D TRY IT, LIEUTENANT--I HAD HIM PEGGED FOR A STRAIGHT-SHOOTER!
BUT I WAS WRONG AGAIN!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT, STROUD? WHERE'S JOHN? I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE WITH MY SON, BUSTER, 'CAUSE IF IT SMELLS THE LEAST BIT ILLEGAL, I'LL SLAP YOU WITH A LAWSUIT THE SIZE OF YOUR OWN SWELLED HEAD!
BUT PAPA JONAH--SIMON SAVED OUR LIVES!*
*EARLIER THIS SAME MORN, IN #33.--LYCANTHROPIC LEN.
AND IF HE THINKS THAT'LL STOP ME FROM NAILING HIS TAIL TO THE GROUND, HE'S CRAZY! YOU HEAR ME, STROUD? NOW WHERE'S JOHN?
OKAY, JAMESON, I WANNA HEAR YOU SHOOT YOUR BIG MOUTH OFF WHEN I TELL YOU THAT YOUR FAMOUS ASTRONAUT SON PANICKED AND FLEW THE COOP, BLOWING ANY CHANCE HE HAD TO BEAT HIS AWOL RAP!
JOHN--?
OH, GOD--NO! WHEN HE REALLY NEEDED ME THESE PAST FEW WEEKS, I LEFT MY SON TO THE MERCY OF THE MOONSTONE... AND NOW--
PLEASE, PAPA JONAH, IT'LL BE OKAY. IT WILL.
WHAT NEXT, KRISTINE--WHAT NEXT?
NEXT, MR. JAMESON, WE PUT OUT AN APB ON YOUR SON! I'M MEL KATZ AND THIS IS SANDY DEHN--WE CAME UP FROM THE CAPE TO FIND HIM.
HE'S IMPORTANT TO NASA, SO WHY NOT TELL US WHAT YOU MEANT BY THAT REFERENCE TO A "MOONSTONE"?
NO! NOT NOW--WE'VE BEEN UNDER A STRAIN...
SHE'S RIGHT. THEY ALMOST BECAME VICTIMS OF SOME KINDA MAN-WOLF... AND THEY AIN'T HAD ANY SLEEP ALL NIGHT!
AS FOR YOU, STROUD, I WANT A COMPLETE REPORT--I'M NOT EXACTLY PLEASED BY THE FACT THAT YOU LET BOTH JAMESON AND THE MAN-WOLF GET AWAY.
NEITHER AM I!


WELCOME BACK TO NOW.
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS ?
NICE TRY--BUT I'VE SEEN THOSE MOVIES, TOO, WHERE THE "HERO" STALLS FOR TIME BY QUESTIONING THE VAINLY-ELOQUENT "VILLAIN".
UNFORTUNATELY, WHILE THE SITUATION MAY BE SIMILAR, DON'T MISTAKE THIS SOMEWHAT-LESS-DRAMATIC REALITY FOR CINEMA--

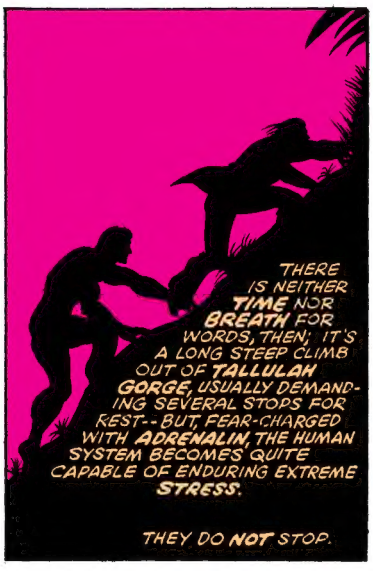
--YOU'RE NOT JAMES BOND, NOR AM I GOLDFINGER, AND THERE'S CERTAINLY NO CAVALRY ON THE WAY, IF YOU'LL PARDON MY MIXED METAPHORS.
IS THAT SO?

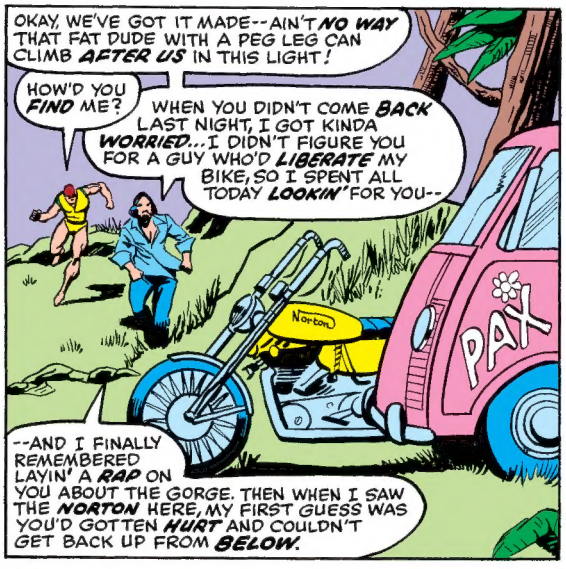
DROP THE GUNS OR GET BLOWN APART!


THE VOICE IS FAMILIAR--
--YET TOTALLY UNEXPECTED WITH ITS GIFT OF ESCAPE--

--AND JAMESON WASTES NO TIME DEBATING HIS FORMER CAPTOR'S SPURIOUS LECTURE ABOUT CINEMA !

HEY, MAN, KICK IT IN THE TAIL-- I WAS JIVIN' ABOUT HAVING A GUN!
YOU'VE GOT GUTS, I'LL SAY THAT FOR YOU!
PKOW!


THERE IS NEITHER TIME NOR BREATH FOR WORDS, THEN; IT'S A LONG STEEP CLIMB OUT OF TALLULAH GORGE, USUALLY DEMANDING SEVERAL STOPS FOR REST--BUT, FEAR-CHARGED WITH ADRENALIN, THE HUMAN SYSTEM BECOMES QUITE CAPABLE OF ENDURING EXTREME STRESS.
THEY DO NOT STOP.


OKAY, WE'VE GOT IT MADE--AIN'T NO WAY THAT FAT DUDE WITH A PEG LEG CAN CLIMB AFTER US IN THIS LIGHT!
HOW'D YOU FIND ME?
WHEN YOU DIDN'T COME BACK LAST NIGHT, I GOT KINDA WORRIED...I DIDN'T FIGURE YOU FOR A GUY WHO'D LIBERATE MY BIKE, SO I SPENT ALL TODAY LOOKIN' FOR YOU--
Norton
PAX
--AND I FINALLY REMEMBERED LAYIN' A RAP ON YOU ABOUT THE GORGE. THEN WHEN I SAW THE NORTON HERE, MY FIRST GUESS WAS YOU'D GOTTEN HURT AND COULDN'T GET BACK UP FROM BELOW.

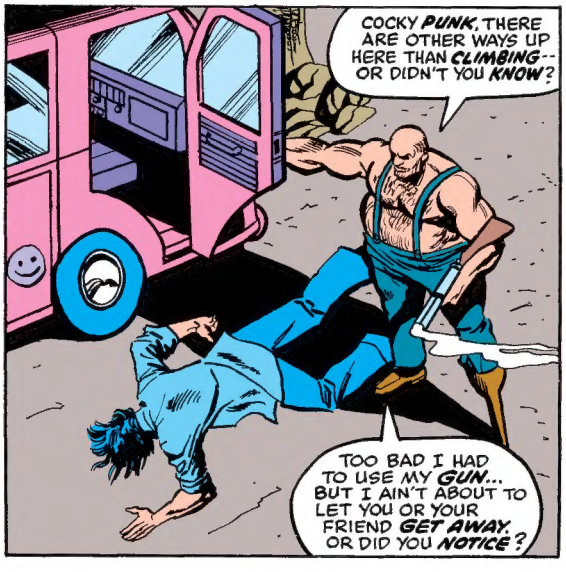
BUT AFTER THAT LITTLE TRIP WE JUST CAME THRU, ALL I CAN SAY IS YOU'RE FREAKIN' LUCKY I DROPPED IN--NOW STRADDLE THIS BABY AND GET ON OUTTA HERE!
WHAT ABOUT YOU?
I'LL FOLLOW IN THE VAN.

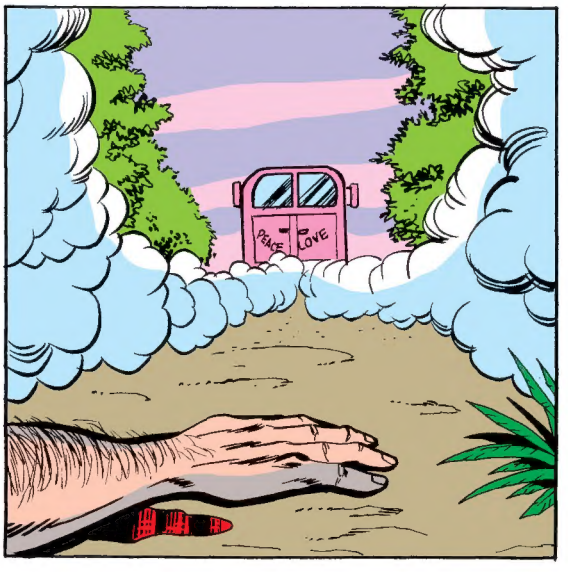
THE BIG ENGLISH TWIN BOOMS TO LIFE--
--ITS THROATY RHYTHM PULSING IN THE GEORGIAN AIR--

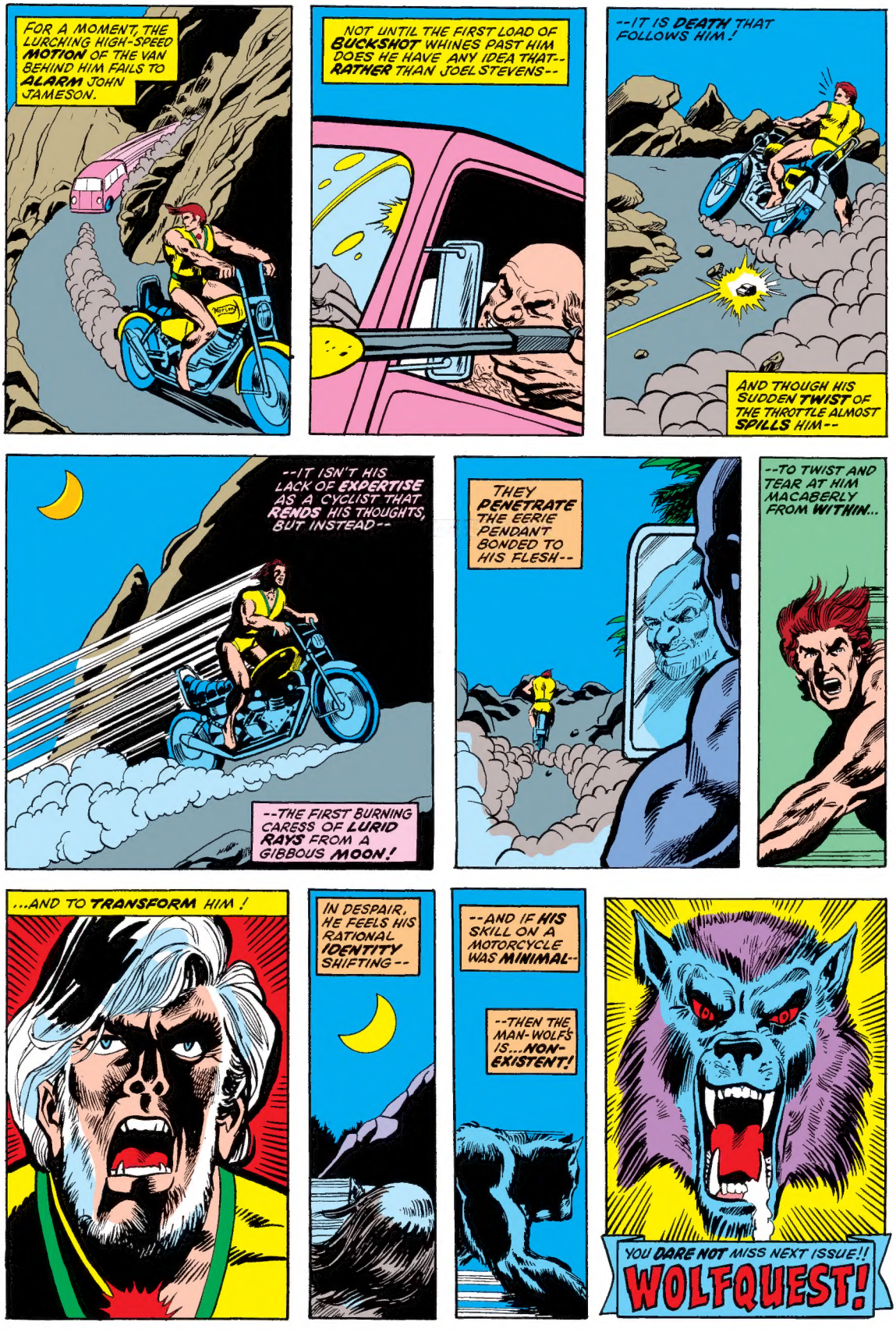
--AND DOMINATING LESSER SOUNDS--

--SUCH AS THE STEALTHY TREAD--
--OF A SINISTER FOOTSTEP!

KBLAM!


COCKY PUNK, THERE ARE OTHER WAYS UP HERE THAN CLIMBING--OR DIDN'T YOU KNOW?
TOO BAD I HAD TO USE MY GUN... BUT I AIN'T ABOUT TO LET YOU OR YOUR FRIEND GET AWAY. OR DID YOU NOTICE?


PEACE
LOVE


FOR A MOMENT, THE LURCHING HIGH-SPEED MOTION OF THE VAN BEHIND HIM FAILS TO ALARM JOHN JAMESON.
NOT UNTIL THE FIRST LOAD OF BUCKSHOT WHINES PAST HIM DOES HE HAVE ANY IDEA THAT-- RATHER THAN JOEL STEVENS--
--IT IS DEATH THAT FOLLOWS HIM!
AND THOUGH HIS SUDDEN TWIST OF THE THROTTLE ALMOST SPILLS HIM--
--IT ISN'T HIS LACK OF EXPERTISE AS A CYCLIST THAT RENDS HIS THOUGHTS, BUT INSTEAD--
--THE FIRST BURNING CARESS OF LURID RAYS FROM A GIBBOUS MOON!
THEY PENETRATE THE EERIE PENDANT BONDED TO HIS FLESH--
--TO TWIST AND TEAR AT HIM MACABERLY FROM WITHIN...
...AND TO TRANSFORM HIM!
IN DESPAIR, HE FEELS HIS RATIONAL IDENTITY SHIFTING--
--AND IF HIS SKILL ON A MOTORCYCLE WAS MINIMAL--
--THEN THE MAN-WOLF'S IS...NON-EXISTENT!
YOU DARE NOT MISS NEXT ISSUE!!
WOLFQUEST!